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HYMNS.











H Y M N S

FOR

Special Services

AND

Congregations,

COMPILED BY

M. ALEXANDER.


LONDON :

WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1868.

147. g. 166.





The accompanying Hymns were originally compiled for private use, but at the request of friends they are now published.

I am aware that some of the Hymns are not altogether suitable for Public Services, but they are inserted on account of the truths they contain, and the beauty of the language in which they are expressed. Several of the Hymns are not to be found in the collections generally used; and some are new, never having been in print before. As there are so many Special Services held in the present day, I trust this collection of Hymns will be found useful, and that many through it will be cheered on their journey Zion-ward.

MARIANNE ALEXANDER.

March, 1868.



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HYMNS.

- 1** **ABIDE** with me ; fast falls the eventide ; 10s.
The darkness thickens ; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2** Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see,—
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.
- 3** I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
Through clouds and sunshine, oh, abide with me.
- 4** I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where grave thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

2. **ACCORDING** to Thy gracious word c.m.
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

- 2** Can I Gethsemane forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ;

Yes, while a pulse, or dream is
Will I remember Thee.

ALL in heav'n is beauteous,
All is glorious there,
Enter in ye righteous,
And all My glory share.

2 Nothing that defileth,
No sin can enter *there* ;
Nothing that corrupteth,
No spot, nor stain is *there*.

3 I *died* that thou might live,
And with Me reign above ;
My spirit will I give,
And fill thee with My love.

4 Thy home I will prepare,
Among the sainted band,
And safely guide thee there,
By My Almighty hand

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- 3 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

10.11.

- 5 ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace, your Surety He is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.
- 2 For what you have done, His blood must atone;
The Father hath punished for you His dear Son;
The Lord, in the day of His anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.
- 3 He died to atone for sins not His own;
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath
done.
Ye all may receive the peace He did leave
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive,"
- 4 For you and for me, He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

- 6 ALWAYS aspiring, never attaining, 10.
Still to earth clinging while earth disdaining,
Longing for wings to soar, then, when I fly,
Drawn down to earth once more by some frail

Strong in unshaken trust, up to the

7

A PILGRIM through this long
The blessed Saviour pass'
A mourner all His life was
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt f
For all its life-blood gave
It found on earth no resting
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord, and shall
The world with all its scorn
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd *His* brow wi

4 Dead to the world with Him
To win our hearts—our lov
We, risen with our risen Hea

HYMNS.

- 2 Saviour ! Thy word is all my plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest wearied souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Laden with grief, and guilt, and pain,
By Satan's power deprest ;
By war without, and foes within,—
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him *Thou hast died !*
- 5 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name.
- 9 **ART** thou content ? hast thou no higher aim ? 10.
Than just to gain admittance at the door,
In faintest characters to trace Thy name,
Amongst the list of those who die no more.
- 2 Dost thou not feel that thou art sav'd to live ?
Dost thou not know that thou art sav'd to save ?
Forgiven that thou mightest too forgive,
Redeemed alike for *both* sides of the grave.
- 3 Saved from the wreck, reach out a saving hand,
Thousands are sinking 'neath the waves of sin,
Stay not thine efforts till God bids thee land,
Thy task accomplished, He will steer thee in.
- 4 Dost thou not know that in thy diadem
The souls that own their heaven-sent light to thee
Shall form each one a bright immortal gem,
Gracing thy brow through all eternity ?

And let the world adoring
Triumphs of mercy wrou

2 Say to the heathen, from
"I am Jehovah,—God al
Thy voice their idols shal
And cast their altars to th

3 No longer let thy Sion ro
Oh! bring the tribes of I
And let our wond'ring ey
Gentiles and Jews in Jes

4 Almighty God! thy grac
In ev'ry clime exalt thy l
Let ev'ry foe before thee
And crown the Saviour I

11 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed
From which none ever w
A calm and undisturbed
Unbroken by the last of

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! ho



HYMNS.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! Far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But theirs is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

12 BEHOLD a stranger at the door ! L.M.
He gently knocks,—has knocked before,—
Has waited long,—is waiting still :
You use no other friend so ill.

- 2 O lovely attitude ! He stands
With willing heart and open hands !
O matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His *foes* !

- 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

- 4 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return ;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you stand.

13 BEHOLD the throne of grace ! S.M.
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.

- 2 That all-atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

- 3 Beyond our utmost wants
His love and pow'r can bless ;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark how he groans ! while nature
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks ;
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid
"Receive My soul," He cries :
See where He bows His sacred head
He bows His head—and dies.

4 But soon He'll break death's envious
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,

· HYMNS.

- 3 Then should the wildest storms arise,
And tempest mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasures with us bear.
- 4 If thou, our Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die;
Secure when human comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.
- [6 BLESS, O Lord, the op'ning year, 7's.
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine;
Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep!
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,—
See their sins, and look on thee.
- 3 Where Thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run:
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless the aged, bless the young;
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue:
Let this whole assembly prove.
All Thy pow'r, and all Thy love.
- [7 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake! awake! C.M.
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope off glory.—Christ—is thine,
A child of glory thou.
- 2 He comes,—for oh, His yearning heart
No more can bear delay!—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call His bride away.

Beside Him on the throne.
Then weep no more 'tis all thine ow
His crown, His joy divine ;
But sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself, is thine.

BRETHREN ! let us join to bless
Christ the Lord our righteousness ;
Let our praise to Him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in heav'n
Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our Priest and Kin
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation, by Thee wrought ;
Wrought to set Thy people free ;
Wrought to bring our souls to thee
May we follow and adore

- 2 Fight the fight, Christian,—Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian,—heaven is before thee ;
He who hath promised faltereth never :
The love of eternity flows on for ever !
- 3 Raise the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
Lift the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth :
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever ;
Mount when thy work is done—praise Him for ever !

20 **BRIEF** life is here our portion ; **7.6.**
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

**2 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day :**

3 There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!

5 Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

11's

21 By faith in a glorified Christ on the throne,
We give up the joys of the world to its own :
As strangers and pilgrims we plainly declare,
Our home is up yonder ;—but shall you be there

...
We're waiting for Jesus ; His promise is
His word's sure and steadfast, He's coming
numberless people will meet in the air
The Lord who redeemed them ;—but will
be there ?

In the home of our Father the banquet is
where the naked are clothed, and the
are fed :
The house is fast filling ,—there is yet
spare ;
Not a seat will be vacant ;—but *shall you*

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fever'd brow.

Yes ! keep me calm, though loud and
The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the closet's solitude ;
Calm in the bustling street ;—

HYMNS.

- 5 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain ;—
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain.
- 23 "CALL them in!"—the poor, the wretched. 8.7.
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold ;
Peace and pardon freely offer :
Can you weigh their worth with gold ?
- 2 "Call them in!"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin ;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus :
He is waiting—"Call them in!"
- 3 "Call them in!—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame ;
Speak love's message, low and tender,—
"Twas for sinners Jesus came."
- 4 "Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gentile ;
Bid the stranger to the feast ;
"Call them in!"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
- 5 See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin,
Can you leave them lost and lonely ?
Christ is coming! "Call them in!"
- 24 CHRIST alone—Christ alone—
Is the Christian's watchword here ;
Only Jesus will he own,
Him proclaiming far and near.
- 2 Christ alone—Christ alone—
Lisps the new born child of God,
When the Saviour first is known,
And he feels the sprinkled blood.

P.M.

... martyr's song
'Till his spirit home has fled
Gather'd to the white-robe

- 5 Christ alone—Christ alone—
Shout the glorious hosts ab
Standing round the Father
Worshipping in perfect love
- 6 Christ alone—Christ alone—
Echo back, my soul, the wo
Thy redeeming Saviour cro
King of kings and Lord of

25

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay
Wait not for the morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

... ..

HYMNS.

26 CHRIST leads us through no darker rooms c.m.
Than He went through before ;
Whoever to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be ?

3 Then shall we end our sad complaints,
Our weary sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
Who sing Thine endless praise.

4 Our knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
Enough for us that Christ knows all,
And we shall be *with Him*.

27 CHRIST the Lord has risen again ; 7's.
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high, Alleluia !

2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
We too sing for joy and say, Alleluia !

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry, Alleluia !

He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia !

Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,

- 28 CHRIST the Lord, is ris'n to-da
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your songs of triumph h
Sing, ye heavens; and, earth r
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done
Fought the fight, the battle won
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the
Christ hath burst the gates of d
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd paradise!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sti
Once He died our souls to save
Where's thy victory, O Grave!
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has l

HYMNS.

- 29 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King : 7's.
As ye journey, sweetly sing :
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Foes are round us : but we stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us, undismay'd, go on.
- 4 Let us sing ; for, safe and bless'd,
We with Jesus soon shall rest :
There our home is now prepar'd.
There our kingdom and reward.
- 5 Onward, then, we'll gladly press,
Through this earthly wilderness :
Only, Lord, our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.
- 30 CITY of the pearl-bright portal, P.M.
City of the jasper wall ;
City of the golden pavement,
Seat of endless festival.
City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of eternity,
To Thy bridal-hall of gladness
From this prison would I flee.
Heir of Glory,
That shall be for Thee and me !
- 2 Ah ! with such strange spells around me,
Fairest of what earth calls fair,—

Heir of Glory,
What is that for Thee a

3 Yes, I need Thee, heaven!
My low spirit to upbear
Yes, I need Thee, earth's
So beguile me with their
Let me see Thee—then the
Break asunder—I am free
Then this pomp no longer
Faith has won the victor
Heir of Glory,
That shall be for Thee a

4 Soon where earthly beauty
No excess of brilliance
Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within Thy
There, beside yon crystal ri
There, beneath life's won
There, —

HYMNS.

- 2 Cling to the Living One,—cling in thy woe ;
 Cling to the Loving One,—through all below ;
 Cling to the Pardoning One,—He speaketh peace ;
 Cling to the Healing One,—anguish will cease.
- 3 Cling to the Bleeding One,—cling to His side ;
 Cling to the Risen One,—in Him abide ;
 Cling to the Coming One,—hope will arise ;
 Cling to the Reigning One,—joy lights thine eyes.

32

COME to the blood-stained tree,

7.6.

The victim bleeding lies ;
 God sets the sinner free,
 Since Christ a ransom dies.
 The spirit will apply
 His blood, to cleanse thy stain ;
 O burdened soul draw nigh,
 For none can come in vain.

- 2 Look not *within* for peace,—
 Within there's naught to cheer ;
 Look *up*, and find release
 From sin, and self, and fear.
 If gloom thy soul enshroud,
 If tears faith's eye bedim,
 If doubts around thee crowd,
 Come, tell thou all to Him.

- 3 Rest to the weary soul
 And aching breast is given,
 Grace makes the wounded whole,
 Love fills the heart with heaven.
 For thee, my soul, for thee,
 These priceless joys were bought ;
 Accept the mercy free
 That Christ to earth has brought.

Triumphant through His grace
Enraptured with His love.

13 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our Souls—how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongue
And our devotion dies.

4 And shall we, Lord for ever be
In this poor dying state—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee

HYMNS.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,—
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour, and power Divine ;
And blessings more that we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the lamb.
- 15 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ; 7's.
Jesus loves to answer pray'r
Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring.
- 2 With my burden I begin :
Oh ! remove this load of sin,
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt !
- 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast !
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer !
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, 8.7.
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Let that grace break e
That withholds my l

4 Ever prone to earthly
Prone to leave the G
Jesus ! make my heart
Seal it for thy courts

37 Come, ye sinners, poor and
Now is the accepted hou
Jesus ready stands to save
Full of pity, love and p
He is able,—
He is willing ; doubt no

2 Let not conscience make yc
Nor of fitness vainly dre
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of H
This He gives y
'Tis the Spirit's rising bea

3 Agonising in the

HYMNS.

On his righteousness confiding,
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his Name !
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

- 38 COME, ye trifling sinners, come, 7's.
While your time is in your hand :
Death will come without delay,
You the summons must obey ;
Then you'll weep, and wish to be
Happy in eternity.
- 2 Can you bear the flames of hell,
Where you are hastening on to dwell ?
Christ will come,—and quickly too ;
I must meet him,—so must you.
Then you'll weep, &c.
- 3 Will you go to heaven or hell ?
One you must, and there to dwell ;
Stop, poor sinner ! stop and think,
While you stand on misery's brink.
Else you'll weep, &c.
- 4 O ye children of the light !
Always keep your armour bright ;
Then with all the sanctified,
Christ will own you for his bride.
Then you'll ever with Him be
Happy in eternity.

May we thy true disciples be.
Speak to each heart the gracious word;
Say to the weakest "Follow me."

Command thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting pow'r,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.

Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
One true eternal God confess'd!
Fought shall in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion bless'd.

COMFORT take, thou child of sorrow, 8.
All is order'd well for thee,
Look not to the anxious morrow,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."
Child of grief, does this world move thee,
Transient scene of transient pain!

HYMNS.

- 5 There, amidst assembled nations,
 Eye to eye, and face to face!
 Thou shall see thy tribulations,
 Sent as messengers of grace.
- 6 Comfort take thou child of sorrow,
 All is ordered well for thee,
 Look not to the anxious morrow,
 " As thy days, thy strength shall be.."

COME, ye saints look here and wonder, 8.7.4.

 See the place where Jesus lay;
 He has burst his bands asunder;
 He has borne our sins away;
 Joyful tidings!
 Christ the Lord has risen to-day!

- ! Jesus triumphs, sing ye praises:
 By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises;
 Thus He fills His foes with shame:
 Sing ye praises!
 Praises to the Victor's name.

- ! Jesus triumphs! countless legions
 Come from heaven to meet their King:
Soon in yonder blessed regions
 They shall join His praise to sing.
 Songs eternal,
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

COME, Holy Spirit, come! S.M.
 Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
 All darkness from our eyes.

- 2 Convince us all of sin,
 Then lead us to the Lord,

- 4 Dwell Thou within our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free,
So shall we know, and praise and
The Father, Son, and Thee.

43 COME, let us who in Christ beli
Our common Saviour praise;
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of His grace.

- 2 He now stands knocking at the
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep Him out
Nor force Him to depart.

- 3 Thro' grace we hearken to Thy
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice
That Thou wilt enter in.

- 4 Come quickly in, 'Thou heaven
Nor ever hence remove,
But stay with us, and let the fe

HYMNS.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Bless'd desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry faithful heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver ;
Born a child and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.
- 15 Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd, L.M.
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;
Thy Saviour's gracious call obey ;
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
Oh ! come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart :
We come with trembling ; yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 46 Crowns of glory ever bright 8.7.
Rest upon the Victor's head :
Crowns of glory are His right,
His who liveth and was dead.

— the night He stood a
 All His foes before Him
 By His single arm o'er
 They have fallen to rise n
 Final is the foe's defeat
 Jesus triumphed by His p
 And His triumph is com

3 His the fight, the arduous
 His the honour of the d
 His the glory and the spoil
 Jesus bears them all awa
 Now proclaim his deeds afa
 Fill the world with His r
 His alone the victor's car,
 His the everlasting crown

47 DEPTH of mercy can there b
 Mercy still reserved for me!
 Can my God His wrath forb
 Me the chief of sinners spar

2 I have long with

HYMNS.

4 If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

18 DEAR Saviour, bless us ere we go ; 8's
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Though life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run ;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release :
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.

4 For all we love—the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto Thee we call.
Oh ! let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus and our all.

19 DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations, 8.7.
Thron'd in pow'r above the skies ;
Let Thy people's supplications
To Thy mercy-seat arise !

2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend ;
See us fasting, praying, mourning ;
Hear us, pardon and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Loudly for thy vengeance call ;

... my Church, and bless

- 50 . EARTH has engross'd my love to
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upwards, dear Father, to Thy th
 And to thy native skies.
- 2 Jesus, the angels' harps employ ;
 Jesus, my God, they sing !
 Jesus, the life of all our joy,
 Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.
- 3 I would begin the music here,
 And so my soul should rise ;
 O for some heav'nly notes to bear
 My praises to the skies !
- 4 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
 There I would fain have place
 Among your thrones, or at your feet
 So I might see

HYMNS.

3 Cold our services have been,—
Mingled ev'ry pray'r with sin :
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By thy grace alone we live.

4 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead !
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last !

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove,
Foretastes of our joys above,
While our pilgrim steps we bend
To the rest which knows no end.

32

ETERNAL Spirit ! Source of truth !
Our contrite hearts inspire ;
Kindle the flame of heav'nly love,
And feed the sacred fire.

C.M.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the mourning soul,
With guilt and fear oppress'd ;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the pow'r of ev'ry sin,
Whate'er that sin may be ;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May live alone to Thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God ;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

33

ETERNAL beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Thro' earth beneath and heaven above.

L.M.

As clouds before the mi

- 4 Speak to my warring pas
Say to my trembling h
Thy power my strength a
For all things serve Th

54 FAINT not, Christian ! tho
Leading to thy blest abod
Darksome be, and danger
Christ, thy guide, will bri

- 2 Faint not, Christian ! tho
Satan would thy soul eng
Gird on faith's anointed s
Bear it to the battle field.

- 3 Faint not, Christian ! tho
Has its hostile flag unfurl
Hold the cross of Jesus fa
Thou shalt overcome at la

- 4 Faint not, Christian ; tho
There's a heart so brave t

HYMNS.

- 6 Faint not, Christian ! Jesu's near,
Soon in glory He'll appear ;
And His love will then bestow
Power over every foe.
- 7 Faint not, Christian ! look on high,
See the harpers in the sky ;
Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
Chant with them of love divine.
- 55 FATHER of heav'n ! whose love profound L.M.
A ransom for our souls hath found !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving love extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quick'ning pow'r extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.
- 56 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word C.M.
What endless glories shine !
For ever be thy Name ador'd,
For knowledge so divine.
- 2 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

Our joy by day and
And still new beauties
And still increasing
5 Divine Instructor, graci
Oh! grant our ferven
Teach us to love thy sac
And view the Saviour

57

FAITH is not what we fe
It is a simple *trust*
In what the God of love
Of Jesus, as "the just
2 The perfect One that die
Upon His Father's thr
Presents our names befor
And pleads Himself al
3 What Jesus is, and that s
Is faith's delightful plea
It never deals with sinful
Nor *righteous* self, in me



HYMNS.

- 6 If He is free, then I am free
From all unrighteousness ;
If He is just, then I am just,—
He is *my* Righteousness.
- 7 What want I more to perfect bliss
A body like His own
Will perfect me for greater joys,
Than angels round the throne.
- 68 FATHER, I know that all my life P.M.
Is portion'd out by thee,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a patient mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will -
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;—
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

... happy anywhere.

6 In a service which Thy v
There are no bonds for
For my inmost heart is to
That makes Thy child
And a life of self-renounc
Is a life of liberty.

59

" For ever with the Lord !
Amen ! so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in the
'Tis immortality.
*Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving
A day's march nearer home*

2 My father's house on high !
Home of my soul ! how n

HYMNS.

5 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

) For ever to behold Him shine, C.M.
For evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me.
For ever on His face to gaze,
And meet His full assembled rays,
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory!

2 Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here :
What must it be in heaven ?
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,
As now we journey day by day,
" Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

3 But how will His celestial voice
Make our enraptured hearts rejoice,
When we in glory hear Him ;
When we no longer at the gate,
But in His blessed presence wait,
And Jesus on His throne of state,
Invites us to come near Him !

| From all that dwell below the skies, L.M.
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

—, —, —, —, —, —
Their land from error's chain

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile !

In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stor

3 Shall we, whose souls are light
With wisdom from on high ;

Shall we to men benighted

The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! oh ! salvation !

The joyful sound proclaim,

Till each remotest nation

Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 What — — — — —
— — — — —

HYMNS.

- 3 GLORY, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the cross ;
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us.
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus.
- 2 Jesu's love is love unbounded
Without measure, without end ;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend.
Praise the Saviour !
Magnify the sinner's Friend.
- 3 While we tell the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb."
Saints and angels !
Give ye glory to His name.
- 4 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.
Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find ;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.
- 2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the Church redeem.
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- 8.7.4.
- 6.5.

Go to the Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost

- 65 Go when the morning shin
Go when the noon is brig
Go when the eve declineth—
Go in the hush of night.
Go with pure mind and feel
Fling earthly thoughts av
And in thy chamber kneelin
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee
All who are lov'd by thee;
Pray too for those who hate
If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meeknes
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's nan
- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied that

HYMNS.

- 4 Oh ! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The power that He has given us,
To approach His throne in prayer !
When'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
Remember in thy gladness
His grace who gave thee all.

- 5 Going home ! and going quickly !
'Tis a thought to cheer the heart ;
Should we suffer, be it meekly,
Soon the world and we must part,
Never more to meet again ;
There's an end to suffering then,
There's an end of all that grieves us,—
How the thought of this relieves us !
- 2 Going home ! There's nothing dearer
To the pilgrim's heart than home.
Drawing nearer still, and nearer
To the place where pilgrims come,
Much he thinks of what will be,
Much of what he hopes to see ;
Thinks of kindred, friends, and brothers,
But of Christ above all others.
- 3 'Tis the blessed hope of seeing
Him he loves in glory there,
Blessed hope of ever being
With the Lord, His joys to share
'Tis the hope which lightens toil,
And in sorrow makes him smile,
Cheers him in the midst of strangers,
Keeps him when beset with dangers.
- P.M.

In the Saviour's love a
In the Saviour's strength

- 67 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempt
Your Redeemer's conflict
Watch with Him one
Turn not from His grief
Learn from Him to watch
- 2 See Him at the judgment
Beaten, bound, reviled
See Him meekly bearing
Love to man His soul
Shun not suffering, shame
Learn of Christ to bear it
- 3 Calvary's mournful mound
There the Lord of all

HYMNS.

- 38 Go labour on : spend, and be spent,— L.M.
Thy joy to do thy Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?
- 2 Go labour on ; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.
- 3 Go labour on, while it is day ;
The world's dark night is hast'ning on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
If it not thus that souls are won.
- 4 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
Be wise, the erring souls to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderers to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, " Behold I come."
- 39 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand, L.M.
By which, supported still, we stand ;
The op'ning year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God,
*By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.*

Ador'd through all our chan

70

GREAT the joy when Christian
Christian fellowship how swe
When, with heart, and hope
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we that eternal love,—
That which did the Father n
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world, and gave hi

3 Sing the Son's unbounded gr
How He died to save our rac
Sing we, too, the Spirit's pow
How He strives in mercy's ho

4 Great the joy, the union swee
When the saints in glory me
When the theme is still the s
When they praise Jehovah's

HYMNS.

- 3 Earnest thou of heav'nly rest.
Comfort ev'ry troubled breast :
Life and joy to all impart,
Sanctify each lowly heart.
- 4 Guardian Spirit ! lest we stray,
Keep us in the heav'nly way :
Bring us to thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love.

- 12 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah! 8.7.4.
Pilgrims, through this barren land
We are weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold us with thy pow'rful hand :
Bread of heaven !
Feed us till we want no more.
- 2 Open thou the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through ;
Strong Deliv'rer !
Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside ;
Bear us through the swelling torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

- 3 HAIL the day that sees him rise, 7's.
Glorious to his native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Enters now the gates of heav'n.

Though returning to his t
Yet He calls the Church I

- 4 Lord, though parted from
Far beyond the starry heig
Grant our hearts may thit
Seeking Thee above the sk

74 Hark ! the herald angels sin
"Glory to the new-born Ki
Peace on earth, and mercy
God and sinners reconcil'd.

- 2 Joyful all ye nations, rise ;
Join the triumph of the skie
With th' angelic host procla
"Christ is born in Bethlehe

- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ad
Christ, the everlasting Lord
Late in time behold him cor
Offspring of a virgin's wom

- 4 Veil'd in flesh th

HYMNS.

- 6 Mild, he lays his glory by ;
Born, that man no more may die :
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.
- 7 Sing we, then, with angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Glory in the highest heav'n !
Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n !
- 5 **HARK** the glad sound ! the Saviour comes, c.m.
The Saviour promis'd long ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of sin
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye, long clos'd in night
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the riches of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And Heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.
- 6 **HARK !** the voice of love and mercy 8.7.4.
Sounds aloud from Calvary :
See ! the rocks are rent asunder,
Darkness veils the mid-day sky ;

Saints, his dying words record.

- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shad
Of the ceremonial law :

Man's redemption now complet
Death and hell no more shall

" It is finish'd "

Saints, from hence your comf

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye sera;

Join the triumph to proclaim

All on earth, and all in heaven,

Join to praise the Saviour's N

" Hallelujah !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

77

HARK ! the gospel news is sound

Christ hath suffered on the tre

Streams of mercy are abounding

Grace for all is rich and free.

Now, poor sinner,

Look to Him who died for the

HYMNS.

3 Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied ;
Still it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side :
None need perish ;
All may live, for Christ hath died.

8 HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ; 7's.
'Tis thy Saviour ; hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :—
" Say poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

2 " I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 " Mine is an unchanging love ;
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When thy work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shall be :
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"

5 Lord it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint :
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
Oh, for grace to love thee more !

9 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds c.m.
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast

E

And cold my warmest thought
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the mem'ry of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

80 How weary and how worthless,
This life at times appears,
What days of heavy musings,
What hours of bitter tears,
How dark the storm-clouds gather
Across the wintry skies !
How desolate and cheerless,
The path before us lies.

- 2 And yet these days of dreariness
Are sent us from above,
They do not come in anger,
But in faithfulness and love ;—

HYMNS.

All self deception swept away,
All creature-hope and trust ;
Our helplessness, our vileness,
Our guilt to make us own,
And flee for hope and refuge
To Jesus Christ alone.

- 81 How precious is the Book Divine, C.M.
 By inspiration given ;
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
 Its radiant beams are cast ;
A light whose never-failing ray
 Grows brightest at the last.
- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, peace, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

- 82 I HAVE a home above, S.M.
 From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion which eternal love
 Design'd and form'd for me.
My father's gracious hand
 Has built this sweet abode !
From everlasting it was plann'd
 My dwelling place with God.
- 2 My Saviour's precious blood
 Has made my title sure ;

- Bright angels guard my way ;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.
Lov'd ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done ;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.
- 4 But more than all, I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile fills all that radiant throne
With ecstasy untold.
That bright, yet tender smile,
My sweetest welcome there,
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry for him here.
- 5 Thy love, Thou precious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be ;

HYMNS.

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are gone.

34 "I know that my Redeemer lives ;"
What rich delight this sentence gives !
He lives, triumphant from the grave,
He lives, eternally to save.

L.M.

2 He lives, my kind and constant Friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end ;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing
Jesus my Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives, to bring me safely there.

Her palaces are fair,
And to the sound of harpings
The saints are singing there ;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees ;
But ah ! to make my heaven,
It needeth more than these.

2 Read on the sacred story,
What more doth it unfold,
Besides the pearly gateways
And streets of shining gold ?
No temple hath that city,
For none is needed there ;
No sun, nor moon, enlighteneth ;
Can darkness, then, be fair ?

3 Ah ! now the glad revealing,
The crowning joy of all ;
What need of other sunlight
Where *God* is all in all !
He fills the wide ethereal
With glory all His own,
He whom my soul adareth

HYMNS.

He gilds earth's darkest valley
With light, and joy, and peace;
What then must be the radiance
Where night and day shall cease?

- 5 Speed on, O lagging moments;
Come, birthday of the soul!
How long the night appeareth!
The hours how slow they roll!
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride!
And, when mine eyes behold him,
I shall be "*satisfied*."

- 36 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;—
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,—
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,—
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
- 7.6.

The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

- 87 I look to Jesus, and the cloud
Of my transgression melts away
E'en as the blackest midnight sh
Gives place to the returning d
- 2 I look to Jesus, and the stains
Of my life's guilt, though darl
Are wash'd, till not a spot remain
And I can safely wake and sle
- 3 I look to Jesus, and the face
Of God is turned on me in love
I feel a Father's fond embrace,
And all my doubts and fears re
- 4 I look to Jesus, and, behold !
My heart is lighten'd of its

HYMNS.

- 6 I look to Jesus, when the waves
Of dark corruption rage within,
And He from their dominion saves,
From their pollution makes me clean.
- 7 I look to Jesus, and I see
Heaven's golden portals opening wide,
With ready welcome e'en to me,
Though vile to enter and abide.
- 8 Thus let me, Lord, while life doth last,
In faith look ever up to Thee,
And when life's sinful days are past,
I shall Thy face in glory see.

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home ;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

P.M.

- 2 What though the tempest rage ?
Heaven is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home ;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.
- 3 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home :
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home ;

Heaven is my home.
There with the good and
Those I loved most and best
I shall for ever rest;
Heaven is my home.

89 I'm a pilgrim and a stranger
Rough and thorny is the way
Often in the midst of danger
But it leads to God.
Clouds and darkness oft distill
Great and many are my foes
Anxious cares and thoughts
But my Father knows.

2 Oh, how sweet is this assurance
Midst the conflict and the pain
Although sorrows next endure

HYMNS.

Nothing more shall then distress me
In that land of sweet repose ;
Jesus stands engaged to bless me,—
This my Father knows.

-) I NEED Thee, precious Jesus ! 7.6.
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus !
For I am very poor,
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store ;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus !
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and sympathise,
A friend to care for me ;
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.
- 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus !
For I am very blind,
A weak and foolish wanderer,
With a dark and evil mind ;

encircled with the rain
And seated on Thy throne
There, with Thy blood-
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee

- 91** In thy name, O Lord, as
We, Thy people, now
Teach us to rejoice with
Speak, and let Thy ser-
Hear with meekness
Hear Thy word with gladness
- 2** While our days on earth
May we give them, Lord
Cheer'd by hope, and dail
May we run, nor weary
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heav
- 3** There in worship, never

HYMNS.

His blood we drink, his flesh we eat ;
His people feed on him by faith.

- 2 We worship him who bore the cross ;
We glory in his death alone :
The world itself appears but loss
To those to whom his Name is known.

- 3 The blood he sheds supplies a stream
That washes all our guilt away ;
How precious, then, his saving Name,
Whose death we celebrate this day !

- 4 Till he appears, his cross shall be
Our spring of hope, our theme of joy ;
And, when in heav'n our Lord we see,
His praise shall all our pow'rs employ.

- 13 In vain the mind attempts to paint C.M.
The moment after death,—
The glories that surround the saint
When he resigns his breath.

- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters break ;
We scarce can say " he's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its station, near the throne.

- 3 Faith strives, but all her efforts fail,
To trace its heav'nward flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,—
The saints are fully bless'd ;
Are free from sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

- 5 On harps of gold his Name they praise,
His face they always view :

He cleansed it in His blood
And in the cross of Jesus
I found my peace with God

2 I love the cross of Jesus ;
It tells me what I am,
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lord
No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty can I plead ;
Yet in the cross of glory,
My title there I read.

3 I clasp the cross of Jesus
In ev'ry trying hour,
My sure and certain refuge,
My never failing tower.
In every fear and conflict,
I more than conqueror am
Living, I'm safe, or dying,
Through Christ the risen

4 Sweet is the cross of Jesus !
There let my weary heart

HYMNS.

- 15 I SHINE in the light of God, P.M.
His likeness stamps my brow,
Thro' the valley of death my feet have trod
And I reign in glory now,
- 2 No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.
- 3 I have reached the joys of heaven,
I am one of the sainted band ;
For my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
- 4 I have learnt the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new born melody.
- 5 No sin, no grief, no pain ;
Safe in my happy home ;
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph's come.
- 6 Oh friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true !
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.
- 7 Do I forget ? oh, no !
For memory's golden chain,
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below
Till they meet to touch again.
- 8 Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame,
Flows freely down like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

And another soul in Heaven.

96 ISRAEL's Shepherd ! guide me, feed
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy sheep rejoicing go,

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore ;
Since thy grace hath found me, ne
Would I wander from thee mor

3 Grant that I may still be able
In this wilderness to see
Rich provisions, and a table
Spread for sinners—spread for r

4 Here thy bounty still partaking,
In these signs of bread and win
Freely all things else forsaking,
Let me find the Saviour mine.

97 I was a wandering sheep,
And did not love the fold

HYMNS.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert, waste, and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 No more a wandering sheep
I love to be controlled ;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam ;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

98 I WANT that adorning divine, P.M.
Thou only, my God, canst bestow,
I want in those beautiful garments to shine
Which distinguish Thy household below.

2 I want every moment to feel,
That Thy Spirit resides in my heart,
That Thy power is present to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.

3 I want, oh ! I want to attain,
Some likeness, my Saviour ! to Thee ;
That longed for resemblance once more to regain,
Thy comeliness, put upon me !

4 I want to be mark'd for Thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear ;
To receive that " new name " on the mystic white
stone,
Which none but Thyself can declare.

Where my heart too tenaciously clings—

I want as a traveller to haste

Straight onwards, nor pause on my way,
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance to
On the tent only pitch'd for a day.

I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify Thee till I die ;

Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh !

99 I would commune with Thee, my God
Even to Thy seat I come ;

I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;

I hear the storms in vales beneath ;
I hear the thunders roll :—

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
I stand

HYMNS.

- 00 JESUS ! and shall it ever be, L.M.
A mortal man ashamed of *Thee* ?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That *Christ is not ashamed of me.*
- 01 JESUS, refuge of my soul, 7's
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh :
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life be pass'd :
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.

Heal the sick, and lead the bli
Just and holy is thy Name ;
I am all unrighteousness :
Vile and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and gra

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is fou
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound
Make and keep me pure withi
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my hear
Rise to all eternity.

102 JESUS once was dead, now livet!
Lo! He lives for evermore ;
He who all our sins forgiveth,
He who all our sorrows bore
Hallelujah !
Thy precious blood adore.

HYMNS.

- 3 Sing, 'tis done! from heaven's own treasure
All the fearful debt is paid ;
All transgression's perfect measure
God has on our Surety laid :
And for ever
Is the sacrifice He made.
- 4 Tell around the wide creation
What redeeming love hath done ;
Publish full and free salvation
Thro' the blood of God's dear Son :
Hallelujah !
His the glory—His alone.
- 103 JESUS, where'er thy people meet, L.M.
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The glories of thy saving Name !
- 3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise ;
And fix our hopes above the skies.
- 4 Lord, we are weak ; but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh ! rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make each sinner's heart thine own !
- 104 JESUS, whilst this rough desert soil L.M.
I tread, be Thou my guide and stay ;
Nerve me for conflict and for toil ;
Uphold me on my stranger-way.

O light me on my stranger-way.

4 Jesus in weakness of this flesh,
When Satan grasps me for his p
O give me victory afresh,
And speed me on my stranger-w

5 Jesus, my righteousness and stren
My more than life, my more th
Bring, bring deliverance at length
O come and end my stranger-w

105 Jesus, our Lord, be with us now,
As we before Thee humbly bow,
May every soul be brought to Th
To own Thy power, Thy love to

2 Look down upon us as we meet,
Behold us from Thy mercy seat,
And where Thou hast Thy work
Give greater grace the race to run

3 O Lord we are so weak and frail,
And often do our spirits fail,

HYMNS.

- 5 And when all earthly scenes are o'er,
And from this world to heav'n we soar,
O Jesus bear us to that home,
Where none from Thee shall ever roam.
- 06 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun L.M.
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blessed,
- 5 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
- 07 Jesus, assembled in Thy name, L.M.
Thy promised presence now we claim :
We do believe : oh, let us see
Great signs and wonders wrought by Thee ?
- 2 Command, and these dead souls shall live,
These blind at once their sight receive :
Speak, and these deaf shall hear Thy voice,
These dumb in loudest songs rejoice.
- 4

Yet greater wonders wrought

108 JESUS, we thy promise claim
We are gather'd in thy Name
In the midst do thou appear!
Manifest thy presence here!

**2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy p
Come and dwell within each
Light, and life, and joy impar**

**3 Make us all in Thee complete
Make us all for glory meet,—
Meet t'appear before thy sigh
Partners with the saints in lig**

109 Jesus Christ is passing by
Sinner, lift to Him thine ey
As the precious moments fle

HYMNS.

4 Lord, I would Thy mercy see,
Lord, reveal Thy love to me ;
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my life and heart control.

0 Jesus spotless Lamb of God,
Thou has bought us with thy blood
We would value nought beside
Jesus—Jesus crucified.

P.M.

2 We are Thine—and Thine alone,
This we gladly, fully own ; -
And in all our works and ways,
Only now would seek Thy praise.

3 Help us to confess Thy name,
Bear with joy Thy cross and shame,
Only seek to follow Thee,
Though reproach our portion be.

4 When Thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our heavenly home,
Louder still our lips shall own
We are Thine—and Thine alone.

1 Jesus, we rest in Thee,
In Thee ourselves we hide :
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could we rest beside ?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
Our weary souls alone can rest.

P.M.

2 Thou Holy One of God !
The Father rests in Thee,
And in the fountain of that blood
Once shed on Calvary.
The curse is gone—through Thee we're blest ;
God rests in Thee—in Thee we rest.

The rest of God—shall con
Sorrow and sin shall pass aw
And we shall reach our ho
Then, of the promised land
Our souls shall know eternal

- 112 JESU'S blood for sinners spi
 Shows my sin in all its gui
 Oh ! my soul He bore thy
 Thou hast slain the Lamb o
- 2 Hark ! His dying word,—I
 Father let the sinner live,
 Sinners wipe thy tears awa
 I thy ransom freely pay.
- 3 Farewell world, thy gold is
 Now I see the bleeding cro
 Jesus died to set me free,
 From the law, and sin, and

HYMNS.

- 2 Oh ! guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray :
Cherish the young, support the old ;
Sustain the feeble in thy fold.
- 3 Oh ! may thy sheep discern thy voice.
And in the sacred sound rejoice ;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee !
- 4 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let their number be complete ;
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And rest within thy fold above.

14 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move, P.M.
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says " Come,"
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above.
Teachers and kindred have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer us while passing along—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harks of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus we come.
Death with its arrows may soon lay us low ;
Safe in our Saviour we fear not the blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.

O Lamb of God I com

2 Just as I am, and waiting
To rid my soul of one darl
To Thee whose blood can c
O Lamb of God I com

3 Just as I am, though tosse
With many a conflict, man
Fightings within, and fear
O Lamb of God I com

4 Just as I am Thou wilt rec
Wilt welcome, pardon, clea
Because Thy promise I bel
O Lamb of God I com

5 Just as I am, Thy love unk
Has broken every barrier d
Now to be Thine, yea, Thi
O Lamb of God I com

HYMNS.

- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but worthless dross;
His grace o'erpays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come.
- 4 Come hither! bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come.

- 17 LAMB of God! Thou now art seated, 8.7.
High upon Thy Father's throne;
All Thy gracious work completed,
All Thy mighty vict'ry won.
Every knee in heaven is bending
To the Lamb for sinners slain;
Every voice and harp is swelling,
"Worthy is the Lamb to reign."
- 2 Lord, in all Thy power and glory,
Still Thy thoughts and eyes are here,
Watching o'er Thy ransom'd people,
To Thy gracious heart so dear,
Thou for us art interceding,
Everlasting is Thy love;
And a blessed rest preparing,
In our Father's house above.
- 3 Lamb of God! Thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return;
All Thy foes shall quake before Thee,
All that now despise Thee, mourn.
Then Thy saints shall rise to meet Thee,
With Thee in Thy kingdom reign;
Thine the praise, and Thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

All in Thee be justified ;
Ev'ry soul thy comfort

3 By thine agony of pain,
By thy precious blood,
Cleanse our hearts from e
Take our load of guilt a

4 Burst our bonds, and set
Bid our fear and sorrow
Oh, remember Calvary !
Saviour ! bid us go in

119 Leaning on Thee, my Guide
My gracious Saviour I
Though weary, Thou dost
To be my rest.

2 Leaning on Thee, with cheer
To Thee the future I cheer
Each step of life's untrod

HYMNS.

- 5 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms ;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink ;
I feel "the everlasting arms,"—
I cannot sink.

- 0 LED by a Father's gentle hand, L.M.
Through this dark wilderness of woe,
We long to reach that peaceful land,
Where living streams of comfort flow.

- 2 Oh ! may our meetings here be bless'd,
To fit us for that holy place ;
May faith and love inflame each breast
With zeal to run the heav'nly race !

- 3 We meditate on Jesu's love,
The pains and sorrows that He bore,
The glories of his throne above,
The place to which He's gone before.

- 4 There let us hope to rest ere long ;
And gladly change before his throne,
The pilgrim's for the conqu'ror's song,
Sav'd by redeeming grace alone.

- 1 LEAD us ! Heavenly Father, lead us, S.Z.
O'er the world's tempestuous sea :
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread the earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

~~~~~  
To draw our hearts above ;  
Attend ! 'tis God the Saviour spe  
And ev'ry word is love.

2 Though, fill'd with awe, before I  
Each angel veils his face ;  
He claims a people as his own,  
Amongst our sinful race.

3 O Lord, now speak to ev'ry heart  
With thine all-pow'rful voice ;  
That we may all from sin depart,  
And make thy love our choice.

4 If now we learn to seek thy face,  
By Christ the living way,  
We'll praise thee for thy saving  
Through an eternal day.

123 LIFE is the time to serve the Lor  
The time to insure the great rew:

## HYMNS.

Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.

- 4 There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.

- 14 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing      8.7.  
Thou art scattering full and free,—  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing:  
Let some droppings fall on me:      Even me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!  
Let me live and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favour,  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.      Even me.

- 3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,  
Speak the word of power to me.      Even me.

- 4 Love of God—so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ—so rich and free,  
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me.      Even me.

- 15 Lo! he comes with clouds descending,      8.7.4.  
Once for favour'd sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah!  
Jesus shall for ever reign.

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:  
Those who set at nought and sold him,

G

NOW shall meet him in

Hallelujah !

See the day of God ap

4 Yea, amen ; let all adore

High on thine eternal

Saviour, take the pow'r :

Claim the kingdoms fo

Oh ! come quick

Hallelujah ! come, Lor

126 Look, ye saints, the sigh

See the " Man of Sorr

From the fight returned

Every knee to Him sh

Crown Him ! crown

Crowns become the Vi

2 Crown the Saviour ! an

Rich the trophies Jesu

## HYMNS.

- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !  
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !  
Jesus takes the highest station :  
Oh, what joy the sight affords !  
Crown Him ! crown Him !  
" King of kings, and Lord of lords !"

27 LORD Jesus, we are ONE with Thee ? c.  
O height, O depth of love !  
With Thee we died upon the tree,  
In Thee we live above.

- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake  
Thou didst from heaven come down,  
Our human flesh and blood partake,  
In all our misery ONE.

- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
Confess'd and borne by Thee ;  
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine  
To set Thy members free.

- 4 Ascended now in glory bright,  
Still ONE with us Thou art ;  
Nor death, nor life, nor depth, nor height,  
Thy saints and Thee can part.

- 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own  
This wondrous mystery,  
That Thou with us art truly ONE,  
And we are ONE with Thee !

Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,  
When seated on Thy Throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display  
THAT THOU WITH US ART ONE !

*LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing 874*  
*Fill our hearts with joy and peace,*



—, and thus of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives :  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found

- 4 So, whene'er the signal gi  
Calls us from the earth :  
Borne on angels' wings to  
Glad the summons to obey  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in heav'n

129 Lord, in this thy mercy's  
Ere it wholly pass away  
On our knees we fall and pray  
"Jesu ! hear and save."

- 2 Lord, on us thy spirit pour  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door  
Ere it close for evermore —

## HYMNS.

[30] LORD we see the day approaching,  
When Thou wilt again appear;  
Sinners, still Thy garments touching,  
Stay Thee in Thy coming here. 8.7.

2 Coming judgments round us darken,  
Human hearts may fail for fear;  
But to Thee alone we hearken,  
"Your redemption draweth near."

3 Make each waiting child obedient;  
Stay our anxious hearts on this;  
If Thy going were expedient,  
Surely Thy return is bliss.

4 All we need is deep affection,  
Singleness of eye and heart,  
Strength to own Thee in rejection,  
Grace sufficient, Lord, impart.

[31] LORD God, the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost  
Descend in all thy power. S.M.

2 We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire,  
With wisdom from above,  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
To praise, and pray, and love.

- 132      ~~Lord, teach us how to pray,~~  
             With reverence and with  
 Though dust and ashes in  
             We may—we must draw  
 God of all grace, we come  
             For broken, contrite hea  
 Give what Thine eye delig  
             Truth in the inward par
- 2 Give deep humility—the se  
             Of godly sorrow give.—  
 A strong desiring confidenc  
             To see Thy face and live  
 Faith in the only sacrifice  
             That can for sin atone;  
 To cast our hopes, to fix ou  
             On Christ, on Christ alon
- 3 Patience to watch, and wa  
             Though mercy long dela  
 Courage our fainting souls

## HYMNS.

- 2 In Thine own appointed way  
Now we seek Thee,—here we stay !  
Lord, from hence we would not go  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from Thy word,  
Which may joy and peace afford !  
Let Thy Spirit now impart  
Thy salvation to each heart.
- 4 Comfort those that weep and mourn,  
Bid the time of joy return ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

- 134 MIGHTY God ! while angels bless thee,      8.7.  
    May a mortal sing thy Name ?  
    Glorious Lord of men and angels.  
    Earth and heav'n thy love proclaim.  
                        Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 Brightness of the Father's glory  
    Should thy praise unutter'd lie ?  
    Cease, my tongue, the guilty silence,  
    Sing the Lord who came to die.  
                        Hallelujah, Amen.
  - 3 From the highest throne of glory,  
    To the cross of deepest woe  
    All to ransom guilty captives ;—  
    Flow, my praise, for ever flow.  
                        Hallelujah, Amen.
  - 4 Join, ye ransom'd, to adore him ;  
    Lift your hearts and songs above :  
    Angels, swell the sacred chorus ;  
    Join to sing the Saviour's love.  
                        Hallelujah, Amen.

Once acknowledg'd in the  
Now a fire within the

3 Mine no more the crimso  
Here I see them blotte  
Mine no more the bonds  
Mine no more the fear

4 Mine acceptance at the th  
Mine the Father's own  
Mine the Father's love un  
What shall from that lo

5 Mine the yoke that's line  
Mine the imputed right  
Mine the armour for the f  
Mine the way of holine

6 Mine—unto a worm like  
Such a weight of glory  
Yea—to know the myster

## HYMNS.

**36** MY God and Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done !"

P.M.

**2** Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me "be still" and murmur not ;  
And breathe the pray'r divinely taught,  
"Thy will be done !"

**3** If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize ; it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine : —  
"Thy will be done !"

**4** Renew my will from day to day :  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done !"

**5** Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—  
"Thy will be done !"

**37** MY hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness ;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesu's name.

8's.

On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

**2** When darkness seems to veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace ;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.

**3** His oath, His covenant, and blood  
Support me in the whelming flood ;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

I look for a city which hands have not pi  
I pant for a country, by sin undefiled.

- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may  
I would not lie down e'en on roses below  
I ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,  
Till I find them for ever on Jesu's loved l
- 4 With a scrip on my back, and a staff in m  
I march on in haste through an enemy's l  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be  
So I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it w

**139** MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights :  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights !—

- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun :  
Thou art my soul's bright morning st  
And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around I see,  
With beams of mercy shine :

## HYMNS.

- 40** My times are in Thy hand ; S.M.  
My God, I wish them there :  
My life, my soul, my all, I leave  
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2** My times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be ;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3** My times are in Thy hand,  
Why should I doubt or fear ?  
A father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.
- 4** My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus, the Crucified ;  
The hand my many sins have pierced,  
Is now my guard and guide.
- 5** My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus my Advocate !  
Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain,  
For me to supplicate.
- 6** My times are in Thy hand,  
I'll always trust in Thee ;  
Till I possess the promised land,  
And all Thy glory see.
- 41** My blessed Jesus, Thou hast taught C.M.  
A grateful heart to sing,  
While sheltering my weary soul  
Beneath Thy loving wing.
- 2** I praise Thee for that look divine  
Which broke my stony heart,  
And bid its sorrows and its fears  
For ever to depart.



Across this desert wild.

- 5 Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine,  
Oh, help me by Thy grace,  
To glorify Thee day by day,  
And then to see Thy face.

142 My bark is on a troubled sea  
The winds and waves may adverse be  
But hope, my anchor's firmly cast  
Within the vail, for ever fast.

- 2 Within the vail,—where Jesus stands,  
And shows to God His blood stained hair  
Within the vail,—He went to bear  
My name upon the breastplate there.

- 3 My hope must have His righteousness,  
For it can rest on nothing less ;  
Within the vail,—is still my prayer,  
Oh ! may my anchor enter there,

- 4 Although the billows round me roll,  
They never can o'erwhelm my soul ;

## HYMNS.

**43** Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; **P.M.**  
E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer, The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me, My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Here let my way appear, Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts, Bright with Thy  
praise,  
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

**144** "No condemnation!"—O my soul, **C.M.**  
'Tis God that speaks the word—  
Perfect in comeliness art thou  
In Christ, thy risen Lord.

**2** In heaven His blood for ever speaks  
In God the Father's ear:  
His Church, the jewels, on His heart  
Jesus will ever bear.

**3** "No condemnation!"—precious word!  
Consider it my soul;  
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,  
His stripes have made thee whole.

...ing, sinner, no  
Jesus did it, did it *all*,  
Long, long ago.

2 When *He* from His lof  
Stoop'd to do and die  
Everything was fully d  
Hearken to *His* cry--

3 Weary, working, burde  
Wherefore toil you sc  
Cease *your* doing ; all w  
Long, long ago.

4 Till to JESU'S WORK you  
*By a simple faith,*  
'Doing' is a deadly thin  
'Doing' ends in death

5 Cast your deadly 'doing'  
Down at Jesu's feet  
Stand "IN HIM" in *Him*  
Gloriously "COMPLETE!"

146 Now let us join with

## HYMNS.

- 3 But, oh how faint our praises rise !  
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
That we, who share His richest love,  
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.
- 4 Oh, glorious hour ! it comes with speed,  
When we, from sin and darkness freed,  
Shall see the Lord, who died for man,  
And praise Him more than angels can.
- 7 Now begin the heav'nly theme, 7's.  
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name ;  
Ye, who His salvation prove,  
Sing of His redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;  
Trembling hearts, dismiss your fears ;  
See the guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Listen to redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd  
Welcome to the Saviour's rest ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your praises bring ;  
Strike aloud each tuneful string :  
Mortals, join the choir above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

And richer blood, than they.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burden thou didst bear  
When hanging on th' accursed tree  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove :  
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful  
And sing His bleeding love.

149 Now I have found a friend ; Jesus i  
His love shall never end ; Jesus is m  
Though earthly joys decrease,  
All such human friendships cease,

## HYMNS.

Father ! Thy name I bless, Jesus is mine !  
Thine was the sovereign grace, Jesus is mine !  
Spirit of holiness,  
Sealing the Father's grace,  
Thou mad'st my soul embrace, Jesus as mine !

P.M.

) Not now, my child, a little more rough tossing  
A little longer on the billow's foam,  
Few more journeyings in the desert darkness,  
And then the sunshine of Thy Father's home.  
Not now, for I have loved ones, sad and weary,  
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?  
Seek ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow,  
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while.  
Not now, for many an hungry one is pining.  
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free.  
Thy Father hears the nightly cry of anguish,  
And gives his answering message unto thee.  
Not now, for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,  
And souls are perishing in helpless sin,  
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,  
Go, to the banished ones and fetch them in.  
Go, with the name of Jesus to the dying,  
And speak that name in all its living power,  
Why should Thy fainting heart grow chill and  
weary.  
Wilt thou not watch with me one little hour !  
One little hour ! and *then* the glorious crowning,  
The golden harpstrings, and the victor's palm.  
One little hour ! and *then* the Hallelujah !  
Earth's long deep, thanksgiving psalm.

| O'er the realms of pagan darkness, 8.7.4.  
Let the eye of pity gaze ;

- Light to lighten all the C  
 Rise with healing in th  
 To Thy brightness  
 Let all kings and nation
- 3 Let the heathen now ador  
 Idol-gods of wood and  
 Come, and, worshipping b  
 Serve the living God alo  
 Let Thy glory  
 Fill the earth, as floods
- 4 Thou, to whom all pow'r is  
 Speak the word ;—at Th  
 Let the company of preach  
 Spread Thy Name from  
 Lord, be with them  
 Always, till time's latest e

152      OFT as the bell, with sole  
 Speaks the departure of a  
 Let each one ask himself  
 D—

## HYMNS.

Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,  
Subdue my sin, and in me live.

- 4 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,  
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
" Perhaps it next may toll for me."

53 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe, 7's.  
Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the bread of life.

- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe,  
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?  
Know ye not your Captain's power ?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad,  
March in heavenly armour clad,  
Fight, nor think the battle long ;  
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.

154 OH! for a closer walk with God, C.M.  
A calm and heav'nly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus, and His word ?



- I hate the sins that made Thee  
And drove Thee from my  
5 The dearest idol I have known  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy  
And worship only Thee.  
6 So shall my walk be close and free,  
Calm and serene my frame and mood,  
So purer light shall mark the steps  
That leads me to the Lamb.

- 155 Oh! for a heart to praise thee  
A heart from sin set free:  
A heart that's sprinkled with  
So freely shed for me :—  
2 A heart resign'd, submissive  
My dear Redeemer's throne  
Whom only Christ is heavenly

## HYMNS.

6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,—  
Thy new, best name of Love.

56 Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need      C.M.  
Thy heavenly succour give;  
Help us, in thought and word and deed  
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh, help us when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh, help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh, help us through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe;  
For still the more the servant hath  
The more he shall receive.

4 Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high;  
We know no help but Thee;  
Oh, help us so to live and die,  
As Thine in heaven to be.

157 Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing      C.M.  
Our great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of our God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace.

2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,—  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He speaks: and, list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

~~1. 1800, 1800, 1800, 1800, 1800, 1800, 1800, 1800, 1800, 1800,~~  
Ye may be sav'd by grace.

- 158 Oh, for the robes of whiteness !  
Oh, for the tearless eyes !  
Oh, for the glorious brightness  
Of the unclouded skies !
- 2 Oh, for the no more weeping,  
Within the land of love,  
The endless joy of keeping  
The bridal feast above.
- 3 Oh, for the bliss of flying,  
My risen Lord to meet !  
Oh, for the rest of lying  
For ever at His feet.
- 4 Oh, for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour face to face !  
The hope of ever being  
In that sweet meeting-place.
- 5 Jesus ! Thou King of Glory,  
Thou shalt dwell with Thee !

## HYMNS.

- 9 O LORD, who now art seated  
Above the heav'ns on high,  
(The gracious work completed,  
For which Thou cam'st to die),  
To Thee our hearts be lifted,  
While pilgrims wand'ring here,  
For Thou art truly gifted  
Our every grief to share. 7.6.
- 2 We know that Thou hast bought us,  
And wash'd us in Thy blood :  
We know thy grace has brought us,  
As "kings and priests," to God :  
We know that soon the morning,  
Long look'd for, hasteth near,  
When we, at Thy returning,  
In glory shall appear.
- 3 O Lord, thy love's unbounded !  
So full, so vast, so free !  
Our thoughts are all confounded  
Whene'er we think on Thee :  
For us thou cam'st from heaven,  
For us to bleed and die ;  
That, purchased and forgiven,  
We might ascend on high.
- 4 O let this love constrain us  
To give our hearts to Thee :  
Let nothing henceforth pain us,  
But that which paineth Thee :  
Our joy, our one endeavour,  
Through suff'ring, conflict, shame—  
To serve Thee gracious Saviour,  
And magnify Thy name.

On Canaan's happy shore  
And there sing Hallelujah  
With the friends that have

2 How sweet to hear the hallow'd  
That saints shall ever sing—  
To hear their voices all proclaim  
"Salvation to their King."

3 Around His throne all clothed in  
Will all His saints appear ;  
And shining in His glory bright  
We'll see our Saviour there.

4 Through heaven the shouts of a  
When sons of God are born ;  
Oh ! what a company will sing  
On the millennial morn !

5 Through one eternal day we'll sit  
And bless His sacred name,  
With Hallelujahs to the King,  
And, "Worthy is the Lamb."

101 Oh come, Lord Jesus, come

## HYMNS.

3 Then every eye Thy face shall see,  
All those who pierc'd and mock'd Thee here,  
Each soul shall then before Thee bow,  
Although in wailing agony.

4 But to Thy people, oh! what joy,  
That day to them will surely bring;  
Redeemed from all iniquity,  
No power can then their hopes destroy.

5 Each sin o'ercome, each trial gone!  
Presented "blameless" to our God,  
Washed in the precious blood of Christ,  
We then shall know as we are known.

6 Now through a glass we darkly see,  
Thy beauties, Lord,—Thy love divine,  
That love we now so feebly trace,  
Will then in all its fulness be.

7 We long, O Lord, this earth to leave,  
With all its sin, and care, and woe,  
And change it for that glorious home,  
That home prepared for us above.

8 Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!  
Do not Thy presence long delay,  
Our absent Friend we long to see;  
Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

11's.

62 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,  
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more;  
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,  
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no night.

Looking off unto Jesus, my eyes cannot see  
The troubles and dangers that throng around me;  
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,  
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief fears.

The sea of my life all about me  
When I look unto Jesus, I hear it

- 5 *Looking off unto Jesus*, oh may I be  
When the waters of Jordan encon  
Let them bear me away, in His pr  
'Tis but seeing Him nearer whom

163 O THOU, from whom all good  
I lift my soul to Thee :

In all my sorrows, conflicts, w  
My God, remember me !

- 2 When, pressing on my burden  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, thy peace i  
In love remember me !

- 3 When trials sore obstruct my  
And ills I cannot flee,  
Oh ! let my strength be as my  
For good remember me !

- 4 If, for Thy sake, upon my way

## HYMNS.

- 6 And when before Thy throne I stand,  
And lift my soul to Thee,  
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,  
Still, Lord, remember me !

**64** O KING of kings ! Thy blessings shed L.M.  
On our anointed sov'reign's head ;  
And, looking from Thy throne in heav'n,  
Protect the crown Thyself hast giv'n.

- 2 Her may we honour and obey ;  
Uphold her right, and love her sway !  
Rememb'ring that the pow'rs that be  
Are ministers ordain'd by Thee.
- 3 By her, this favour'd nation bless ;  
To her wise counsels give success ;  
In peace, in war, Thine aid be seen !  
Confirm her strength : oh ! save our Queen !
- 4 And when all earthly thrones decay,  
And earthly glories fade away,  
Give her a nobler crown on high,  
A crown of immortality.

**65** ONE there is above all others, 8.7.  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.  
They who once his kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed His blood ?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God.  
This was boundless love indeed ;  
Jesus is a Friend in need.



- 100 Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
I am nearer home to-day,  
Than I have ever been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night  
Is the deep and unknown stream  
To be cross'd ere we reach the light
- 5 Jesus, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the hand of my faith  
Let me feel Thee near when I stand  
On the edge of the shore of death
- 6 Feel Thee near when my foot

## HYMNS.

- A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed  
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came, sweet influence to impart—  
A gracious willing guest  
Where He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.
- 3 'Tis His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every conquest won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.
- 168 OUR Lord is risen from the dead, L.M.  
Our Saviour is gone up on high ;  
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits ;  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
"Lift your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 3 "Loose all your bars of radiant light  
And wide unfold the glorious scene :  
He claims these mansions as His right ;  
Receive the King of glory in."
- 4 "Who is the King of glory ? who ?"  
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,  
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew ;  
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.
- 169 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed, 7's.  
All our sins were on Thee laid ;

There for ever to abide ;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side :  
There for sinners Thou art pleading  
There Thou dost our place prepar  
Ever for us interceding  
Till in glory we appear.

- 2 Worship, honour, power, and blessi  
Thou art worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give !  
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise
- 4 Soon we shall, with those in glory,  
His transcendent grace relate ;  
Gladly sing th' amazing story  
Of his dying love so great :  
In that blessed contemplation  
We for evermore shall dwell,

## HYMNS.

Though waves rise in anger, their tumult shall cease,  
One word of his bidding shall hush them to peace.

2 Press forward and fear not! though trial be near,  
The Lord is our refuge,—whom then shall we fear?  
His staff is our comfort, our safe-guard His rod;  
Then let us be steadfast, and trust in our God.

3 Press forward and fear not! be strong in the Lord,  
In the power of His promise, the truth of His word,  
Through the sea and the desert our pathway may  
tend,  
But He who hath sav'd will save to the end.

4 Press forward and fear not! we'll speed on our way;  
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay?  
We tread but the road which our Leader has trod;  
Then let us press forward, and trust in our God.

171 Pour out Thy Spirit from on high; L.M.  
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;  
Thy promis'd power to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart;  
Firmness, with meekness, from above;  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;—

3 To watch and pray, and never faint;  
By day and night their guard to keep;  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint;  
Protect Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

4 And when their work is finish'd here,  
Let them in hope their charge resign;  
Before Thy throne with joy appear,  
And there with crowns of glory shine,

The upward glancing of the eye  
When none but God is near

3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs re-  
And cry, " Behold he prayeth !

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of  
He enters heaven with praise

5 O Thou, by whom we come to  
The Life, the Truth, the Way  
The path of prayer Thyself !  
Lord, teach us how to pray

173 PRECIOUS is the Name of Jesus  
Who can half its worth unfold  
Far beyond angelic praises,

## HYMNS.

- 4 Precious—in His death victorious,  
He the host of hell o'erthrows ;  
In His resurrection glorious,  
Victor crown'd o'er all His foes.
- 5 Precious, Lord, beyond expressing,  
Are Thy beauties all divine ;  
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,  
Be henceforth for ever Thine !
- 4 QUICKEN, Lord, Thy church and me ; 7's.  
Send the promised Spirit down ;  
Holy One, Eternal Three !  
All Thy former mercies crown.  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Send another Pentecost.
- 2 Let the living fire descend,  
Cloven tongues on every head—  
Tongues which all may comprehend ;  
Speak Thy life unto the dead.  
Suddenly the power of grace  
Send from heaven, and fill this place.
- 3 Send the rushing mighty wind,  
Give the utterance Divine ;  
Let us know the Spirit's mind,  
Let us speak in words of Thine.  
Send a pure baptismal shower,  
Tongues of fire, and words of power.
- 4 As of old, so be it now ;  
Now the glorious scene repeat ;  
See, Thy humbled people bow,  
Waiting lowly at Thy feet,—  
Crying all with one accord,  
"Send the promised Spirit, Lord."

~~His name is the same~~  
And waves below can never mov

3 While all things change, He cha  
He ne'er forgets, though oft forg  
His love's unchangeably the sam  
And as enduring as His name.

4 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and pra  
The blessings of this wondrous g  
Jesus, your everlasting tower,  
Can bear unmov'd the tempest's

176      RETURN, O wanderer, to thy !  
            Thy Father calls for thee ;  
            No longer now an exile roam  
            In guilt and misery,  
            Return ! Return !

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy !  
            'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;  
            The Spirit and the Bride say  
            Oh, now for refuge flee !

## HYMNS.

- 17 **BRIDGE**, believer in the Lord, C.M.  
Who makes your cause His own ;  
The hope that's built upon His word, ■  
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die ;  
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,  
Faith sees Him always near ;  
A guide, a glory, a defence :  
Then, what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,  
And triumph'd once, for you,  
So surely you, that love His name,  
Shall triumph in Him too.
- 18 **REMARK**, my soul, the narrow bounds C.M.  
Of the revolving year !  
How swift the weeks complete their rounds,—  
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When God, what all mankind have done,  
In judgment shall survey.
- 3 Awaken, Lord, my trifling heart,  
Its great concern to see ;  
That I may choose the better part,  
And give the year to Thee.



~~PASS WITH US, AND WITH US~~

Strength that has the captive free

- 2 Is the wilderness before thee,  
Desert lands where drought abide  
Heavenly springs shall there restore  
Fresh from God's exhaustless tide
- 3 Light divine surrounds thy going,  
God Himself shall mark thy way,  
Secret blessings richly flowing,  
Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 Though thy way be long and drear  
Eagle strength He'll still renew:  
Garments fresh and foot unwearied  
Tell how God hath brought thee
- 5 When to Canaan's long-lov'd dwell  
Love divine thy foot shall bring,  
There with shouts of triumph swell  
Zion's songs in rest to sing.
- 6 Then no stranger,—God shall meet  
Stranger thou in courts above,

## HYMNS.

He redeemed me :  
Glory ! Glory ! to my King.

- 2 He, to blot out my transgressions,  
Died ! and set the prisoner free !  
How I love this sweet confession,  
Jesus died ! He died for me !  
He redeemed me—  
Greater love could never be.
- 3 Well He knew my lost condition—  
Sinless offering God must have ;  
Vain my tears and deep contrition,  
Nought that I could do would save :  
He redeemed me—  
For His precious life He gave.
- 4 Now He lives ; He lives for ever,  
And for His dear people pleads :  
One with Him, there's nought can sever,  
Those for whom He intercedes.  
He redeemed them,  
And to glory safely leads.
- 5 Bright the prospect of that glory  
Seen by faith at God's right hand ;  
There we shall recount the story,  
In that happy, happy land.  
He redeemed me.  
Wondrous all His love had planned !

[81 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

7's.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring  
Simply to Thy cross I cling  
Naked, come to Thee for  
Helpless, look to thee for  
Vile, I to the fountain fly  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die

4 While I draw this fleeting breath  
When my eyelids close in death  
When I soar to worlds unknown  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne  
Rock of ages, cleft for me  
Let me hide myself in Thee

182 SAVIOUR, breathe an even breath  
Ere repose our spirits  
Sin and want we come to thee  
Thou canst save, and

## HYMNS.

- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

83 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us, 8.7.4.  
Without Thee we cannot go ;  
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,  
Thou hast laid the tyrant low ;  
Let Thy presence,  
Cheer us all our journey through.

- 2 With a price Thy love has bought us,  
(Saviour, what a love is Thine !)  
Hitherto Thy love has brought us ;  
Power and love in Thee combine :  
Lord of glory,  
Ever on Thine Israel shine.

- 3 Through a desert waste and cheerless,  
Though our destined journey lie ;  
Rendered by Thy presence fearless,  
We may every foe defy,  
Nought shall move us,  
While we see our Saviour nigh.

- 4 Then lead on, Almighty Victor,  
Scatter every hostile band,  
Be our guide and our protector,  
Till on Canaan's shore we stand ;  
Shouts of victory,  
Then shall fill the promised land.

184 SAVIOUR, abide with us, S.M.  
The day is now far gone ;  
We wait to hear Thee blessing us,  
Assembled round Thy throne

SHINE ON US EVERMORE.

- 4 May we sleep safe in Thee,  
And strong for Thee arise ;  
Nearer each night and morn  
Our everlasting prize.

185 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain  
With beams of heav'nly grace  
Reveal Thy pow'r through all o  
And shew Thy smiling face.

- 2 Amidst our isles, exalted high,  
Do Thou our glory stand ;  
And, like a wall of guardian fire  
Surround our favour'd land.

- 3 May God, our Saviour, scatter  
His choicest favours here :  
And let creation's utmost bound  
Behold, adore, and fear.

- 4 So let Thy Name, from shore to  
Sound all the earth abroad ;  
And distant nations

## HYMNS.

- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;  
To-day, the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and His flock appear,  
One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering still await  
On earth the pilgrim throng ;  
Yet learn we in our low estate  
The church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain !  
Cry the redeem'd above,  
Blessing and honour to obtain,  
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb ! on earth we sing,  
Who died our souls to save.  
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting ?  
Thy victory, O grave ?

187 Soon, and for ever, the breaking of day P.M.  
Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow away ;  
Soon, and for ever, we'll see as we're seen,  
And know the deep meaning of things that have been,  
Where fightings without and conflicts within  
Shall weary no more in the warfare with sin,—  
Where tears and where fears and where death shall  
be never,  
Christians with Christ shall be soon, and for ever !

2 Soon, and for ever,—such promise our trust,  
Though ashes to ashes, and dust be to dust ;  
Soon, and for ever, our union shall be  
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee ;  
When the cares and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,  
Its pangs and its partings remembered no more,  
Where life cannot fail, and where death cannot sever,  
*Christians with Christ shall be soon, and for ever !*

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**2**

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180

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## HYMNS.

- 3 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No : the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 4 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise are heard in death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.
- [90 Sons of men, behold from far,— 7's.  
Hail the long-expected Star!  
Jacob's Star, that gilds the night,  
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death ;  
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your God appear ;  
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,—  
Meet Him manifested there.
- 4 All your pow'rs in praise employ ;  
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy ;  
Sing, ye morning stars, again :  
God descends to dwell with men !
- [91 SPIRIT Divine, now hear our prayer, C.M.  
And make this house Thy home ;  
Descend with all Thy gracious power ;  
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the *light* ; to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe ;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.



May barren minds be taught to own  
Thy fertilizing power !

**192** STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice ;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your G  
With heart and soul and voice.

**2** Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud and magnify ?

**3** Oh, for the living flame,  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire  
And wing to heaven our thought !

**4** Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up and bless His glorious nan  
Henceforth for evermore.

**102** SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear

## HYMNS.

- 3 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to night  
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 4 Come near, and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
- 194 SWEET is the work, my God, my King, L.M.  
To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing ;  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
Let nothing earthly vex my breast ;  
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My soul shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His word :—  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace has purified my heart ;  
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ  
In Thine eternal world of joy.
- 195 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing, 8.7.  
Which before the cross I spend :  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
In the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here we rest in wonder viewing  
All our sins on Jesus laid :  
Here we see redemption flowing  
From the sacrifice He made.

Till I reach Thy full salva  
And unveil'd Thy glorie

196 THE Lord my pasture shal  
And feed me with a shephe  
His presence shall my wan  
And guard me with a wat  
My moonlight walks He sl  
And all my midnight hour

2 When in the sultry glebe  
Or on the thirsty mountair  
To fertile vales and dewy  
My weary wand'ring steps  
Where peaceful rivers, soft  
Amid the verdant landscap

3 Though in a bare and rugg  
Through devious lonely wi

## HYMNS.

- 97** THE Spirit breathes upon the word, C.M.  
And clears the blinded sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 2** Eternal thanks, O Lord! be Thine,  
For this Thy bright display,  
Which makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 3** Oh, may our souls with joy pursue  
The paths of truth and love,  
Till glory breaks upon our view,  
In brighter worlds above.
- 98** THEE we adore, eternal Name, C.M.  
And humbly own to Thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we.
- 2** Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To force us to the tomb,  
And sore diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home.
- 3** Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
May hang on ev'ry breath;  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death!
- 4** Waken, O Lord, our languid sense,  
To walk this dang'rous road;  
And, when our souls are summon'd hence,  
May they be found with God!
- 99** THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood C.M.  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

Till all the ransom is paid—  
Be sav'd, to sin no more !

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme  
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisp'ing, stamm'ring  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

200 THERE is a house, not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high ;  
And here my spirit waiting stands  
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison-house of clay  
Must be dissolv'd, and fall :  
Then, O my soul ! with joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come  
— His word :

## HYMNS.

- 01 THERE is a land of pure delight, C.M.  
Where saints immortal reign ;—  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 Lo ! rising from the swelling flood,  
Th' eternal hills are seen ;  
So Canaan's promis'd land was view'd,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 3 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,—  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With faith's illumin'd eyes ;—
- 4 Could we but stand, as Moses stood,  
And view the prospect o'er,  
Not Jordan's waves, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.
- 02 THE voice of harpers in the sky, C.M.  
The ransomed soul shall greet,  
They welcome to eternity,  
The souls for glory meet.
- 2 No sound of discord can there be,  
From harps by angels strung,  
There all is love and harmony,  
One song is always sung.
- 3 The song of those redeemed from sin,  
How sweet its tones must be !  
This song to heaven shall welcome in  
The soul by death set free.
- 4 And now for each, in that bless'd land,  
A harp is waiting there !  
For those who now by Jesu's Hand,  
Are led and guided here.

AND LOOK INTO MARY

Hear us, we humbly pray :

And, where the gospel's da-

Sheds not its glorious ray,

"Let there be light!"

**2 Thou who did'st come to b**

On Thy redeeming wing,

Healing and sight.

**Health to the sick in mind**

Sight to the inly blind,—

Oh! now to all mankind,

**"Let there be Light!"**

### 3 Spirit of truth and love.

**Life-giving, holy Dove,**

Speed forth Thy flight !

**Move o'er the waters' face**

### Bearing the lamp of grace

And in earth's darkest pla

**"Let there be light!"**

201 THROUGH the day Thy love b

... down to 1

## HYMNS.

Us and ours preserve from dangers ;  
In Thine arms may we repose :  
And when life's short day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

205 THY presence, gracious God, afford ! 8's.  
Prepare us to receive Thy word ;—  
Oh ! let Thy voice now reach our ear,  
And faith be mix'd with what we hear :  
Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown Thy gospel with success !

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread :  
Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown Thy gospel with success !

3 To us Thy sacred word apply  
With sov'reign pow'r and energy ;  
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,  
Walk worthy of the truth we hear :  
Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown Thy gospel with success !

C.M.  
206 THE head that once was crown'd with thorns,  
Is crown'd with glory now ;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 Delight of all who dwell above !  
The joy of saints below !  
To us still manifest Thy love,  
That we its depths may know.

3 To us Thy cross, with all its shame—  
With all its grace be given !



Our everlasting day.

207 THE night is wearing fast  
The glorious day is dawning  
When Christ shall all in all  
The fair millennial reign

2 Gloomy and dark the night  
And long the way are  
And sad the weeping saints  
And faint, and worn

3 Ye mourning pilgrims,  
And hush each sigh  
The light of that bright  
The long sabbatic morn

4 Lift up your heads—behold  
A flood of splendour  
It is the bright and meek  
And living lustre be

## HYMNS.

- It sounds like music in mine ear—  
The sweetest Name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love  
Who died to set me free!  
It tells me of His precious blood—  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile  
Beaming upon His child;  
It cheers me through this "little while,"  
Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 It tells me what my Father hath  
In store for every day;  
And though I tread a darksome path,  
Yields sunshine all the way.
- 5 It tells of One whose loving heart  
Can feel my smallest woe—  
Who in each sorrow bears a part  
That none can bear below.
- 6 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,  
And dries each rising tear;  
It tells me, in a "still small voice,"  
To trust, and not to fear.
- 7 JEsus, the Name I love so well,  
The Name I love to hear,  
No saint on earth its worth can tell—  
No heart conceive how dear.
- 8 This Name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road—  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.
- 9 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love to me.

II ON JESUS WHY SAID HE —  
Oh why from His side flowed the sin  
blood,  
If His dying *thy* debt has not paid ?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance, nor p  
But *the blood*, that atones for the soul  
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest  
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou  
His cry of distress hast thou heard ?  
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He ex  
Should pardon to thee be deferred ?

5 Thou art healed by His stripes (would  
to the word ?)  
And He is thy righteousness made,  
The best robes of heaven He bids thee  
Oh ! couldst thou be better arrayed

6 Then doubt not thy welcome, since  
declared,  
There remaineth no more to be done

## HYMNS.

There is LIFE in a LOOK at the Crucified One ;  
There is life at this moment for thee ;  
Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and be saved,  
And Jesus thy *Saviour* will be.

0 THY way not mine, O Lord, P.M.  
However dark it be !  
Lead me by Thine own hand  
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be, or rough,  
It will be still the best,  
Winding or straight, it matters not,  
It leads me to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot ;  
I would not, if I might ;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine, so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem,  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things great or small ;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

[1] THE Lord himself shall come, S.M.  
And shout a quickening word ;  
Thousands shall answer from the tomb,  
“ For ever with the Lord ! ”

- And own myself the Savi  
 Mercy from first to las
- 4 "Knowing as I am know  
 How shall I love that  
 How oft repeat before the  
 "For ever with the Lo
- 5 That resurrection word,  
 That shout of victory-  
 Once more ; " For ever w  
 Amen, so let it be !

212 THERE's a better world t  
 Where we shall with Ch  
 And with angels ever fea  
 In Heaven's Better La  
 Sinners will you con  
 To yon thrice happy

2 There we shall with Jesu



## HYMNS.

Scatters light, through all the plain,  
In Heaven's Better Land.

3 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour, P.M.  
All will be well ;

Free and changeless is His favour ;  
All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that healed us ;  
Perfect is the grace that sealed us ;  
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us ;—  
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,  
All will be well ;

Ours is such a full salvation,  
All, all is well.

Happy, if in God confiding,  
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,  
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding :  
All must be well !

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,  
All will be well ;

Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,  
Jesus every need supplying,  
Or in living, or in dying,  
All must be well !

4 THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sigh'd for,  
The fair sweet morn awakes,  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But day-spring is at hand,

7.6



His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment,  
My web of time He wove,  
And all the dews of sorrow  
Were luster'd with His love.  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that plann'd  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

4 Oh! I am my Beloved's,  
And my Beloved's mine,  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His "house of wine."  
I stand upon His merit;  
I know no other stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

5 The Bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear Bridegroom's face

HYMNS.

- 215 THERE is a better world they say, P.M.  
Oh so bright.  
Where sin and woe are done away,  
Oh so bright;  
And music fills the balmy air,  
And angels with bright wings are there,  
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,  
Oh so bright.
- 2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,  
Happy land;  
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,  
Happy land;  
They drink the gushing streams of grace,  
And gaze upon their Saviour's face  
Whose brightness fills the holy place,  
Happy land.
- 3 Though we are sinners every one,  
Jesus died.  
And though our crown of peace is gone,  
Jesus died.  
We may be cleansed from every stain,  
We may be crowned with bliss again,  
And in the land of pleasure reign,  
Jesus died.
- 4 Then parents, brothers, sisters, come,  
Come away.  
We long to reach our Father's home,  
Come away.  
Oh, listen to that music sweet,  
It comes so rich from yonder seat,  
Where all the saved in glory meet,  
Come away.
- 216 THOU hidden love of God, whose height, P.M.  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
-



Oh! tear it thence, and reign  
The Lord of every motion  
Then shall my heart from ea  
When it has found repose in

3 Oh! hide this self from me, t  
No more, but Christ in me  
My vile affections mortify,  
Nor let one darling sin sur  
In all things nothing may I  
Nothing desire or seek but T

4 Each moment calls from eart  
My heart which lowly wai  
Speak to my inmost soul, and  
"I am thy life, thy God, t  
To know Thy power, to hear  
To feel Thy love, be all my c

## HYMNS.

- 3 Oh, watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,  
All the journey o'er life's troubled sea ;  
Though afflictions assail thee, and storms beat severe,  
There's a light in the window for thee.
- 4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,  
Till from conflict and suffering free ;  
Bright angels now beckon thee over the stream,  
There's a light in the window for thee.

218 THERE is a time, we know not when— C.M.  
A point,—we know not where—

That marks the destiny of men,  
To glory, or despair.

- 2 There is a line by us unseen,  
That crosses every path :  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and His wrath.
- 3 To pass that limit is *to die*,  
To die as if by stealth ;  
It does not quench the beaming eye,  
Nor fade the glow of health.
- 4 The conscience may be still at ease,  
The spirit light and gay ;  
That which is pleasing still may please,  
And care be thrust away.
- 5 The man may think that all is well,  
And every fear be calmed ;  
He lives, he dies,—he *wakes in hell*,  
Not only doomed, but damned.
- 6 A message from the skies is sent,  
“ Ye that from God depart,  
While it is called to-day, repent,  
*And harden not your heart!*”

- He lives their mansions to  
He lives to bring them sa
- 3 Then let our souls in Him  
And sing His praise with  
Our doubts and fears for  
For Christ is on the Fath
- 4 The chief of sinners He r  
His saints He loves, and  
He'll guard us safe from  
And all His promises full
- 5 Abundant grace will He  
Till we are present with  
And prove what we have  
That Jesus lives for ever

220 ALLELUIA ! Allelu  
The strife is o'er, the bat  
The triumph of the Lord  
Oh let the song of praise

## HYMNS.

221 "THE time is short!" sinners, beware, C.M.  
Nor trifle time away;  
The word of great salvation hear  
While yet 'tis called "To-day."

2 "The time is short!" ye rebels, now,  
To Christ the Lord submit;  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesu's feet.

3 "The time is short!" ye saints rejoice,  
The Lord will quickly come;  
Soon shall ye hear the Bridegroom's voice  
To call your spirits home.

222 THERE is an hour when I must part C.M.  
With all I hold most dear;  
And life, with its best hopes, will then  
As nothingness appear.

2 There is an hour when I must sink  
Beneath the stroke of death;  
And yield to Him who gave it first,  
My struggling vital breath.

3 There is an hour when I must stand  
Before the judgment seat;  
And all my sins, and all my woes,  
In awful vision meet.

4 There is an hour when I must look  
On one eternity;  
And nameless woe, or blissful life,  
My endless portion be.

5 O Saviour, then, in all my need,  
Be near, be near to me;  
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,  
Find life and heaven in Thee.

My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temp  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy-seat  
My hope within the veil.  
From strife of tongues, and  
My spirit flies to Thee;  
Joy to my heart the thought  
My Saviour died for me.

3 'Mid trials heavy to be born  
When mortal strength is  
A heart with grief and ang  
A body racked with pain.  
Oh! what could give the su  
Bid every murmur flee,  
But this the witness in my  
My Saviour died for me.

4 Time by moments steals aw

## HYMNS.

Self-condemn'd, on Thee we call :  
Freely, Lord, forgive us all !

- 4 If we see another year,  
May we spend it in Thy fear ;  
All its days devote to Thee—  
Living for eternity !

- 225 'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,  
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
But, with humble faith, to see  
Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No correction by the way,  
Might I not with reason fear  
I should prove a castaway ?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to pray'r ;  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

7's.

- 226 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,  
In this life's little day ;  
To spread around " the joyful sound,"  
As those forgiven may ;  
To tell His loving kindness,  
His promises so true ;  
To urge the young that they may come,  
And trust this Saviour too.

7.6.8.

- 2 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,  
For Him who loved, and gave

3 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—  
 Be this our one desire,  
 Our purpose still, to do His will,  
*Whatever* He require.  
 No action is too lowly,  
 No work of love too small ;  
 If Christ but lead, we may indeed  
 Well follow such a call.

4 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—  
 Oh ! weary not of this,  
 But onward press with cheerful  
 Though rough the pathway is  
 Hold on, unmoved and patient,  
 Till He shall call thee home,  
 With joy to stand at God's right  
 To serve before the throne.

227 TIME is earnest, passing by ;  
 Death is earnest, drawing nigh  
 Sinner ! wilt thou trifling be ?  
 Time and death appeal to thee.  
 Time is earnest : when 'tis o'er,

## HYMNS.

- 4 Hell is earnest ; fiercely roll  
Burning billows near thy soul ;  
Woe for thee if thou abide  
Unredeem'd, unsanctified.
- 5 God is earnest ; kneel and pray,  
Ere thy season pass away ;  
Ere He set His judgment throne,  
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.
- 6 Christ is earnest, bids thee " Come ;"  
Paid thy spirit's precious sum ;  
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,  
Pleading with thee from above ?

- 228 TIMID christian, wouldst thou rather, 8'7.  
Go to broken cisterns here,  
For thy succour, when thy Father,  
Bids thee as a child draw near ?
- 2 Look away from *self* to Jesus,  
And thy comforts shall increase ;  
He who from our trouble frees us,  
Keeps the heart in perfect peace.
  - 3 Peace He gives, though Satan`rages ;  
Courage, when disposed to flee ;  
And His sympathy assuages  
Whatso'er thy grief may be.
  - 4 On His strength thy weakness leaning,  
On the love that casts out fear,  
Thou shalt shortly know the meaning,  
Of the little sorrows here.
  - 5 Death's *dark waves* shall not flow o'er thee,  
Dreadful as they seem to be,  
Christ has passed that way before thee,  
Opening up a *path* for thee.



443 Above the tempest, soft and  
That still small accent gree

2 'Tis I, who washed thy spin  
'Tis I, who gave thy blind  
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, t

3 Those raging winds, this su  
Bear not a breath of wrath  
That storm has all been spe

4 When on the other side, thy  
Shall rest 'mid thousand we  
One well-known voice thy e

5 Gently He'll lay His hand o  
Saying, Beloved lovst thou  
I did for

## HYMNS.

- 3 The battle is the Lord's !  
Then sing and praise His name ;  
Join with the host of old, and praise,  
For God is still the same.
- 4 The battle is the Lord's !  
The spoil belongs to Him !  
So long as He His grace affords,  
We must go on and win.
- 5 The battle is the Lord's !  
The land before us lies ;  
For faith can realize her store  
Before she grasps the prize.
- 6 The battle is the Lord's !  
His is the spoil and prey ;  
Shout ! for His hand is lifted up,  
And we shall win the day.

- 231 UNTIL I saw the blood,  
'Twas hell my soul was fearing,  
And dark and dreary in my eyes  
The future was appearing ;  
While conscience told its tale of sin,  
And caused a weight of woe within.
- 2 Until I saw the blood,  
For mercy I was crying,  
As if to move the heart of God,  
Or win his favour trying ;  
But all the seeking seem'd in vain,  
The wish'd-for peace I could not gain.
- 3 But when I saw the blood,  
And look'd at Him who shed it,  
My right to peace was seen at once,  
And I with transport read it ;  
*I found myself to God brought nigh,  
And "Victory !" became my cry.*

P.M.

May He to us true faith awaken,  
May all our worship be sincere

3 So may we learn the power of prayer  
So grace obtain to guide our way  
For the week's labour so prepare  
That Sabbath peace may cheer

4 If thus we tread life's narrow path  
Led by the gracious Spirit's power  
We need not fear in life or death  
For Christ will guard us how

233 WE'RE travelling home to heaven  
Will you go ?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love  
Will you go ?  
Millions have reached that blessed land  
Their trials and their labours

## HYMNS.

- 3 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,  
Will you go ?  
In rapturous songs to praise His Name,  
Will you go ?  
Our sun will then no more go down,  
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,  
Our days of mourning ever gone,  
Will you go ?
- 4 The way to heaven is straight and plain,  
Will you go ?  
Repent, believe, be born again,  
Will you go ?  
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
Take up thy cross and follow Me,  
And thou shalt My salvation see,  
Will you go ?

- 234 We sing of the realms of the blest, 8's.  
That country so bright and so fair ;  
And oft are its glories confest ;  
But what must it be to be there ?
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care ;  
From trials without and within :  
But what must it be to be there ?
- 3 We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The Church of the first-born above ;  
But what must it be to be there ?
- 4 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,  
Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;  
And shortly *we* also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there.

2 There is a land beyond the  
Where happy spirits never  
Then earth and time no more  
We're going home, to die no

3 Come, sinners, come ; oh, come  
And join our happy pilgrim  
Farewell, vain world, and a  
We're going home, to die no

236 We all must speak for Jesus  
Who hath redemption won  
Who gave us peace and pardon  
Which by His blood He  
We all must speak for Jesus  
To show how much we owe  
To Him who died to save us  
From death and endless

2 We all must speak for Jesus  
His people far and near.

## HYMNS.

We all must speak for Jesus,  
Till He shall come again,—  
Proclaim His "glorious gospel,"  
His Crown and endless Reign.

237 WE sing the praise of Him who died, L.M.  
Of Him who died upon the cross ;  
The sinner's Hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see  
In shining letters " God is love ;"  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,  
It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,  
It takes the terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

238 WELCOME ! welcome ! sinner hear ! 7's  
Hang not back through shame or fear ;  
Doubt not, nor distrust the call—  
Mercy is proclaim'd to all.

2 Welcome to the offered peace ;  
Welcome, pris'ner to release ;  
Burst thy bonds, be saved, be free ;  
Rise and come, He calleth thee.

3 All ye weary and distress'd,  
Welcome to relief and rest ;  
All is ready, hear the call ;  
*There is ample room for all.*

Far from earthly scenes retreat  
In your blessings we would  
Sacred seasons,  
In your blessings we would

2 Be Thou near us, blessed Saviour  
Still at morn and eve the same  
Give us faith that cannot waver  
Kindle in us heaven's own fire  
Blessed Saviour,  
Kindle in us heaven's own fire

3 When the fervent prayer is given  
Holy spirit, hear that prayer  
When the song of praise is fled  
Let that song Thine impress  
Holy Spirit,  
Let that song Thine impress

240 WHAT various hindrances we  
In coming to the mercy seat!  
Yet who, that knows the way  
Wishes to be often there!

## HYMNS.

And fill our fellow-creatures' ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.

- 4 Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heav'n in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be—  
“Hear what the Lord has done for me!”

- 241 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross L.M.  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride,  
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.  
3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow, mingled, down :  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown,  
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an off'ring far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

- 242 WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy, C.M.  
Whose sound through heaven rings ?  
They welcome Jesus to the sky,  
And crown Him King of kings.  
2 Look up ye saints, and, while ye gaze,  
Forget all earthly things ;  
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,  
And crown Him King of kings.  
3 While here He bore our sin and shame,  
From this our comfort springs ;



243 Who can describe the joys  
Through all the courts of P  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born

2 With joy the Father doth a  
The fruit of His own grace  
With joy the Son looks down  
The purchase of His agonies

3 The Spirit takes delight to  
The soul which he has formed  
And saints and angels join to  
The growing empire of their

244 WHEN this passing world is  
When has sunk yon glaring  
When we stand with Christ  
Looking o'er life's tale of loss

## HYMNS.

- 3 When I see them start and shrink  
On the fiery deluge brink ;—  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, *how much I owe.*
- 4 When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise.  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice ;—  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, *how much I owe.*
- 5 Chosen not for good in me,  
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the spirit sanctified ,  
Teach me Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, *how much I owe.*

- 245 WHEN waves of sorrow round me roll,      C.M.  
My soul is not dismayed !  
I hear a voice I know full well,  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”
- 2 When black the threat'ning clouds appear,  
And storms my path invade,  
That voice shall tranquillize each fear,  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”
- 3 There is a gulf that must be crossed,  
Saviour, be near to aid :  
Whisper when my frail bark is tossed,  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”
- 4 There is a dark and fearful vale,  
Death hides within its shade :  
O say, when heart and flesh shall fail,  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”

2 These are they who  
For their Saviour's honour long  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng  
These, who well the fight sust  
Triumph by the Lamb was g

3 These are they whose hearts were  
Sore with woe and anguish tri  
Who in prayer full oft have striv  
With the God they glorified.  
Now their painful conflict o'  
God has bid them weep no m

247 WHY those fears? Behold, 'tis Je  
Holds the helm, and guides the  
Spread the sails, and catch the b  
Sent to waft us through the d  
To the regions  
Where the mourners cease to v

2 Though the shore we hope to la  
Only report is known,  
Yet we freely all abandon,

## HYMNS.

- And with wonder  
Think on toils and dangers past.  
4 Oh, what pleasures there await us !  
There the tempests cease to roar ;  
There it is that those who hate us  
Shall molest our peace no more.  
Trouble ceases  
On that tranquil, happy shore.

248 WHEN we cannot see our way, 7's.  
Let us trust and still obey ;  
He who bids us forward go,  
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,  
Though a passage seem denied,  
Fearless let us still proceed,  
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,  
Though we see no ray of light,  
Since the Lord himself is there,  
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with him is never night,  
Where He is, there all is light ;  
When He calls us, why delay ?  
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it our's then, while we're here,  
Him to follow without fear,  
Where He calls us, there to go,  
What He bids us, that to do.

249 WHERE the faded flower shall freshen— F.M.  
Freshen never more to fade ;  
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—  
Brighten never more to shade,

Where the day begins —

'Mid the burst of holy song,  
Brother, we shall meet a  
'Mid the holy and the blest

- 2 Where no shelter shall bewilder,  
Where life's vain parade is o'er,  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreams no more  
Where the bond is never severed,—  
Partings, claspings, sob and moan  
Midnight waking, twilight weeping  
Heavy noon-tide, all are done ;  
Where the child has found its mother  
Where the mother finds the child  
Where dear families are gathered,  
That were scattered on the wild,  
Brother, we shall meet a
- 3 Where the hidden wound is healed  
Where the blighted life re-bloom  
Where the smitten heart, the fresh  
Of its buoyant youth resumes ;  
Where the love that here we lavish

## HYMNS.

- 4 Where a blasted world shall brighten,  
Underneath a bluer sphere,  
And a softer, gentler, sunshine,  
Shed its healing splendour here.  
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
Putting on their robe of green,  
And a fairer, purer Eden,  
Be where only wastes have been ;  
Where a King in Kingly glory,  
Such as earth has never known,  
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,  
Claim and wear the holy crown ;  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest.

- 50      Work for time is flying,      6.5.  
        Work with heart sincere,  
Work for souls are dying,  
        Work for night is near ;  
In the Master's vineyard,  
        Go and work to day,  
Be no useless sluggard,  
        Standing in the way.
- 2 Sound the invitation,  
        Sinners come to me ;  
Tell to every nation,  
        Mercy's full and free,  
In this glorious calling,  
        Work till day is o'er,  
Work till evening falling,  
        You can work no more.
- 3 Then your labour bringing,  
        To the King of Kings ;  
Borne with joy and singing,  
        Home on angels wings,

When thy wages pay —  
"Labourer well done,"  
Work for time is flying,  
Night is almost near,  
Precious souls are dying,  
Thy reward is near.

- 251 Yes, we part, but not for ever,  
Joyful hopes our spirits fill,  
They who love the Saviour near  
Know a long, a last farewell  
Blissful unions  
Lie beyond this parting vale
- 2 Oh, what meetings are before  
Brighter far than tongue can  
Glorious meetings to restore  
Him with whom we long to  
With what raptures  
Will the sight our spirits fill
- 3 Now indeed we meet and sever  
Chequered is our transient  
Life's best flowers perish, ever

## HYMNS.

Hail the rising  
Of the wished-for new-born ray !

- 2 Ye angels who stand round the throne,      8's.  
And view my Emmanuel's face,  
In rapturous songs make Him known,  
Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise,  
He formed you, the spirits ye are,  
So happy, so noble, so good ;  
When others sunk down to despair,  
Confirmed by his power ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,  
His grace and His glory display ;  
Oh ! tell of His love as is meet.  
He saved you from hell and the grave,  
He ransomed from death and despair,  
For you He was mighty to save,  
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh ! when will the period appear,  
When I shall unite in your song ?  
I'm weary of lingering here ;  
And I to your Saviour belong ;  
I'm fettered and chained up in clay,  
I struggle and pant to be free ;  
I long to be soaring away,  
My God and my Saviour to see !
- 4 I want to put on my attire,  
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;  
I want to be one of your choir,  
And tune my sweet harp to His name,  
I want, oh ! I want to be there,  
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
Your joy and your friendship to share,  
To wonder, and worship with you !



Then shall see a glow  
Night to day shall then  
Heaven shall triumph

3 Then shall Israel, long  
Mourning seek the L  
Look on him whom one  
Own and kiss the che

4 Mighty King thine arm  
Now thy glorious car  
Bring the nations help  
Make them subject to

254 Awake, my soul! and  
Thy daily stage of dut  
Shake off dull sloth, a  
To pay thy morning se

2 Glory to God, who safe  
And hast refresh'd me  
I f.

## HYMNS.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ills, that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Oh ! may my soul on Thee repose !  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
Sleep that may me more active make  
To serve my God, when I awake !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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